

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, April 2, 1803.

[No. 26.]

JULIA.

KARAMSIN'S RUSSIAN TALE.

(Continued from p. 194,
and concluded.)

HE overcame the struggles of his boiling passion, and, with a death-like countenance, and eyes lifted towards heaven, he quitted the walk.

On the same evening, Julia received from him a letter, the contents of which were as follow.

"I have not forfeited my word.—Not a reproach, not a complaint, has passed my lips. I confided to the powers of my affection. I have deceived myself, and—suffer. After what I have seen and heard, we can no longer live together. My presence shall no longer offend you. The rights of a husband are a yoke, if not lightened by love.—Farewel, Julia!—You are free, Madam! you once had a husband. Perhaps you may never hear of him again.—The ocean will divide us.—I forsake my native country and my friends.—The bitter remembrance alone of my misery will be my companion.—In the packet which accompanies this, you will find a deed which places you in possession of my fortune.—With that I enclose the portrait of my late wife—yet, no! from

that I cannot part.—I will converse with it, as with the shadow of a departed friend—as with the last and only beloved object of my breaking heart."

When Julia observed Boris in the walk, she sat speechless during a few moments—then followed him precipitately—called him by name several times; her voice faltered—her limbs trembled—and, leaning on the shoulder of the prince, she faintly tottered towards the house. Not finding him there, she covered her face with her hands, and threw herself, sobbing, on a sofa. The wily prince in vain attempted to soothe her. She answered him not a word. She opened the letter of Boris, with trembling hands, and having perused it, a stream of tears burst from her eyes. The prince attempted to take the letter from her. "No," said she, with a firm voice, "you do not deserve to read it. A man of honor has written it.—The mist has dispersed.—I despise both you and myself.—You see me now, sir, for the last time.—Seduce others, and then laugh at their folly; only forget and leave me for ever. I will not accuse you farther. My thoughtlessness alone deserves to be condemned.—Pleasure in the world you can never want; but from this moment,—you, —and such as yourself—will ever be disgusting to me. I henceforth make a vow, that never more shall daring vice venture to look me in the face.—You may be astonished at this sudden alter-

ation—believe it—or not, just as it is agreeable to you—to me it is indifferent."—With these words she quickly disappeared into the next room.—The prince stood as one thunderstruck. At last he burst into a laugh,—either forced or natural,—hurried into his carriage, and drove to the play.—When Julia heard that Boris was gone, without saying where, she immediately quitted the town, and retired into the country. "Here," said she, sighing, "shall my days pass in melancholy solitude;—here, where I once might have been happy!—With the best and most affectionate of husbands I left you, dear rural retreat, and alone—a sorrowing widow—I return; but still with a heart which prizes virtue. Alas! this alone comforts me, this alone supports me!—Nor ever, holy virtue, will I become unfaithful to you;—ever shall you remain my friend. O! I shall see you, shall embrace your counterpart—in the likeness of my never to be forgotten Boris!"—Her tears streamed on the miniature of her husband which she held in her hand.

In this, we must render the women justice; when they once seriously resolve on any thing, their fortitude and their powers in the execution of it, are worthy of admiration; and the most renowned heroes of self denial, whose names history has exalted to the heavens, must divide with them their laurels.

THE VISITOR,

Julia, in whom little more was wanting to make a modern *Lais*, was now a pattern of virtue. In her bosom every idle wish was extinguished, and her whole life was devoted to the remembrance of her beloved husband. She fancied him present—she poured out her soul to him. “You have forsaken me,” she said, “and you had a right to do so. I dare not venture to wish your return. I only wish peace to your heart. If the remembrance of your wife tortures you, forget her.—Wherever you are, be happy.—I am encircled with the remembrance of your love. I shall not die with sorrow. No! I will live, that you may still possess one faithful heart.—And perhaps by means of a secret sympathy, even at this distance, you are sensible of my love, and it imparts to your heart new life, new warmth. Perhaps some compassionate genius whispers to you when asleep; ‘Boris is not alone in the world.’ Your dear eyes open, and far, far off, you perceive the melancholy Julia, whose spirit, whose heart, follows you every where. Perhaps—yet I am wishing, what I dare not—I will love you, though hopeless.”—

There reigned now in Julia’s soul a soft pleasing sorrow; every virtuous sentiment is pleasant, and even the hottest tears of repentance are not bitter; for repentance is the dawn of virtue.

Julia found, that she soon would be a mother. A new, a powerful sentiment, pervaded her whole frame.—Should she rejoice or lament?—She could not for a long time arrange her own feelings.—“I shall become a mother?—but the joyful smile of the father will not receive the young suckling; a father’s tears will not bedew him! Poor, unfortunate child! an orphan you enter the world, and the first object which meets your eyes, is the picture of sorrow! But—as it pleases Heaven!—A new duty now binds me to live and to suffer. Welcome, then, dear child! my heart shall love you with two-fold tenderness. For your sake, and through you, I will endeavor to find contentment; thy tender mind shall not be impressed by complaints and looks of sorrow. Love alone awaits you in my arms, and the hour of your birth shall revive in me a new life.”

She now, with the utmost zeal, prepa-

red herself to fulfil the duty of a mother.—*Emile*—this book, single in its kind, was never out of her hands. “I was not a *good wife*,” said she, sighing, “I will at least be a good mother. I will endeavor, by a strict attention to the one duty, to atone for my remissness in the other.”

She counted the days and hours till her confinement. Already she loved the dear infant yet unborn. Already she embraced it, and called it by the tenderest names. Its every movement occasioned her the highest joy.

She bore a son, the most beautiful infant, at once the image of both father and mother. She felt neither pain or weakness. Transport swallowed up every other feeling. A new source of the purest, most sacred, and undescribable sensations awakened in her heart. Her eyes were never tired of gazing at her infant; her tongue a thousand times repeated the most flattering caressing epithets. She warmed his young mind with the ardency of her affection, and imparted to his heart the tender sentiments of her own. Is it necessary to add—she suckled him herself.

Every thing around her now assumed a gayer aspect. Formerly, she hardly quitted her chamber; but the sight of the immense firmament, the spacious earth, awakened in her soul, with added force, the idea of her lonely and forsaken state. “What am I in the great mass of the creation?” she asked herself, and sunk into despondency; the murmurs of the brooks and woods increased her melancholy, and the cheerful sport of the feathered tribe disgusted her. Every thing now was changed. She hastened with her little darling infant to the open air, as soon as possible. The sun shone more resplendent, because it shone on her boy. The trees appeared to bow down to embrace the lovely child. She heard in the murmuring of the rivulets, only the most caressing sounds; the birds and the butterflies only sported for his amusement.—*She was a mother.*

The pleasures of the great world, of which she once thought so highly, now appeared to her a deceitful phantom, in comparison with the real transports of maternal love. Alas! she would have been perfectly happy, had not the idea of the sorrowing Boris lain heavy on

her heart. “I enjoy the highest happiness,” murmured she, “my cheeks are bedewed with the tears of joy, while he wanders through the world in melancholy solitude. O! what angel will inform him of his wife’s reformation!—Yes, I am again worthy of him. In the face of heaven and earth I will venture to declare, I am now worthy of him!—But he is ignorant of it. He imagines me the votary of vice, he conceives me an enemy to virtue.—O, did he but return only for a moment to look at our son! He might even say, ‘You do not rejoice over him,’ and tear him from me! Willingly would I deprive myself of all comfort, to comfort him—willingly would I be unhappy, if thereby I could render him happy!”

In the mean time the little Boris bloomed like a rose. He already ran about the meadows; could already say, “I love you, mamma!”—Already understood, caressing her tenderly, and drying the tears with his little hands, which streamed from her eyes.

On a delightful day, in the month of May, as she thought on the first circumstances that led to her marriage just presented itself in the most lively manner to her imagination, she walked out with her little Boris. She seated herself on a green bank, near the road, and while her boy played around her, she drew from her bosom the miniature of Boris, and entered into conversation with it. “Are you still the same?” cried she! “Alas! no, certainly not! when you sat to the painter you looked on me with tenderness, was happy and cheerful: and now—” her brow was overcast—she sat some time in thought, and at length a gentle sleep closed her eyes.

An uneasy mind, even in sleep, experiences disagreeable imaginations. Julia dreamt that a vast ocean rolled its distorted, black, and tremendous waves around her. Thunder and lightning increased the horror of the scene; and a dismayed ship was tossed about on the raging billows. Now sank in the frightful abyss, now mounting to the clouds, and now for ever swallowed up in the depth of the ocean. Unhappy crew! Julia’s feeling heart bled, as she perceived that the impetuous surge dashed a corpse on the shore. She hastened to assist the unhappy victim; she endeavored to recal him to life, and

amidst these occupations she recognized Boris!—dead—cold—she held him a corpse in her arms. Trembling and breathless she awoke, and—Boris stood before her! Full of life and love, he threw himself on her bosom never to part from her again.

This scene not one word more shall attempt to portray—not one word more of the speaking silence of the first few minutes, and the immediate heartfelt acclamations of joy which followed! not one word of the tears of transport and delight! not a word of Boris's feelings, as Julia conducted to him his son, and the little one, by nature taught, caressed him, while he gazed with a smile of affection on the mother.

Boris had travelled about for some years. A faithful friend had, in the mean time, acquainted him with every circumstance concerning Julia. At length, as he could no longer doubt that she loved virtue and himself, he hastened back to his native land, to assure his faithful wife he had ever continued to adore her.

Since that time they have continued to live in the country like the happiest lovers. The rest of the world is nothing to them. Boris is ever the same as he always was—a benevolent man of sense; and Julia proves by her example, that often, under the appearance of youthful levity, the most sublime virtues that adorn a woman lie concealed.

The tenderness of Boris will not allow her to paint her former character in such glowing colors. "You were born," said he, "to be virtuous; a little of vanity, and the fruits of a wrong education, and bad example, were alone the cause of your momentary errors. You needed only once to learn the worth of virtue and true affection, to hate vice for ever. You wonder, perhaps, why I was silent, and never warned you of the consequences of your levity; but I am perfectly convinced, that reproaches will sooner render a heart callous than reform it. Tenderness and patience on the part of the husband in such a case is the most efficacious remedy. Reproof and censure would only have made you imagine I was jealous. You would have thought yourself injured, and perhaps our hearts would have been divided for ever. The consequences have justified my opinions. Parting at length appear-

ed to me the only remedy I could employ for your reformation. I left you to the conviction of your own heart—not, indeed, with frigid indifference, not without the most heartfelt sorrow; but a ray of hope supported me, and—did not deceive me. You are mine, wholly and for ever mine."

Sometimes Julia would exclaim against the women. Boris defended them. "Believe me, dear Julia," said he, "it is chiefly the fault of the men if the women are vicious; and the chief reason the last are bad, is because the former are generally not better."

Boris and Julia are in many things of a different opinion; but both perfectly agree in this, *that connubial and parental happiness is the greatest blessing on earth.*

ANECDOTES.

THE following three anecdotes are of a congenial nature, and the same very singular wish seems to have been formed, by three persons, who it is very certain could have no knowledge of each other.

Herbelot, in his treasure of oriental literature, notices the prayer of a Turkish captain, which finishes thus: "O Almighty God, I, thy servant, do never forget thee, so do thou please sometimes to remember me."

M. De la Hire, a French general, in the reign of Charles VI. before a battle, prayed to God, that God would give him the victory, as he would give the victory to God, if he were De la Hire.

Cambden gives us an epitaph, inscribed on the tomb of Martin Eltingbrod, which equals these in absurdity; for we must not suppose that either of these persons were sensible of the impiety of their addresses to the Divinity.

"Here ligg I, Martin Eltingbrod,
"Have mercy on my soul, Lord God;
"As I would do, if I were God,
"And thou wert Martin Eltingbrod."

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky? "Madam," replied he, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let all of them have their own way."

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

(Continued from our last.)

Death.—This word is ever to be understood metaphorically, and carries no sort of terror with it. It is even so stale, that it now goes for nothing. The death of a lover is so much in course, that it is as inevitable as in nature; for if the fair is kind, he is to die with joy; if otherwise, of grief: and both equally.

Despair.—Driving to despair formerly signified reducing a person to the last extremity, sending him to hang or drown himself. It has now no such terrible signification.

Faithful.—A faithful lover is a character greatly out of date, and rarely now used but to adorn some romantic novel, or for a flourish on the stage. He passes now for a man of little merit, or one who knows nothing of the world.

Faults.—The person one loves never has any. Either the lover does not see them, or is as much reconciled to them as to his own. If they offend him, he is so far from being a true lover, that he is scarcely more than an acquaintance, and less than a friend.

Kiss.—Some authors will have it, that a kiss is no kiss, or at best a half one, unless returned at the same time. In some countries there is such a stress laid upon it, that a woman who grants a kiss has passed away all right to refuse any thing else. In our's, its signification is determined by the circumstances, the degree of warmth, the part, the time, and other particulars needless to enumerate. In general one may venture to pronounce kissing dangerous. A spark of fire has often been struck out of the collision of lips, that has blown up the whole magazine of virtue.

No.—Is a term very frequently employed by the fair, when they mean every thing else but a negative. Their yes is always yes; but their no is not always no. The air and tone of it determines the signification: sometimes, too, the circumstances, a smile or a look.

Plaintive.—The stile of lovers is ever a plaintive one. Complaints of one sort or other fill up the letters and conversations of lovers: and he has not always the most reason to complain, who complains the most.

(To be continued.)

The Student,

No. VIII.

THE mind naturally dwells with complacency on topics of a calm and sequestered nature. A passion for the noise and bustle of dissipation, is not genuine; it springs from corrupted notions and a mutilated taste. Luxury, with its satiety and its wretchedness, brings also the delusion of habit; and the mind gradually loses in its atmosphere, its native passions and propensities. Hence representations of rustic innocence and simplicity have always pleased. To the contemplation of a mind, already harrassed and fatigued by the activities of business or of pleasure, nothing can be more grateful than the picture of a situation, in which care extends not beyond the present moment, and the calm current of emotion is untainted by the crimes or the passions of society; a situation, in which nature is the only law-giver, and a contemplation of her beauties the first business of existence.

Pastoral poetry has therefore ever been a favorite, where dissipation has not extinguished the genuine spirit of preference. It has always preserved its rank in the scale of writing, and its advocates and its admirers are as numerous as the poets that have cultivated it. The enamelled mead, the meandering rivulet, and the breezy haunts of tranquillity, have been the theme of innumerable discussions; from the school-boy, just trying his infant muse, to the more experienced master of the lyre; sweeping the strings with a fearless hand, and levying on the applause of ages.

The pastoral state, however beautiful in idea, and however flattering to the fond vision of fancy, is destitute in a great measure of those qualities, which tend to animate description, or throw an interest into poetic fiction. There passion is divested of its violence, and love stript of all but its hopes and fears: no great effort; no fascinating intrigue; nor a circumstance that can awake expectation, is suffered to intrude on the tranquillity which it exhibits. Ingenuity must supply the want of materials, and give pleasure chiefly by the original vivacity of its conceptions. Hence there have been few successful writers in this species of composition. Since the time of Virgil and Theocritus, (with a very

few exceptions) imitation of those writers, has been strictly the law of Pastorals. Some of our most celebrated poets have attempted them unsuccessfully. Pope's were written at a very early age, and therefore are remarkable rather for the smoothness of the versification, than for the strength of imagery or description. The very youthfulness which renders so fascinating the magic of rustic simplicity and virtue; furnishes for its favorite pursuit, an imagination but illy tutored, and an experience inadequate to guide. Gesner has succeeded in giving interest to a subject, in itself so barren of incident. His Idyls are possessed of all the beauties which fiction could produce, modified and limited as he used it; and all those charms which are connected with a glowing and judicious display of virtue.

It has been a question long agitated among the learned, whether a state of rudeness or refinement is most propitious to the cultivation of pastoral poetry. The arguments of those who give the preference to a state of nature, appear to me to have more wit than conclusiveness, and less force than brilliancy. They paint to you in exalted terms, the fervors of the untutored bard; and allow simplicity only to the productions of a pen which is not actuated by the passions or the crimes of society—to strains which flow from genuine complacency of feeling, and images which are constantly presented to the view.

Fire and animation is indeed a striking feature in the character of the early bard. National glory and legendary fame were the favorite topics of his muse. He sang the exploits, or mourned over the urn of some departed hero. Nature was not his accustomed theme. Her charms might please, but her charms did not *inspire* him. Familiarity wears away the power of imparting rapture. The peasant in whose ear the torrent roars *each day*, and who has grown familiar with its terrors, wonders at the emotions of the stranger who beholds it. That very love of novelty which is so deeply interwoven with our nature, gives to the man of business or pleasure, a peculiar zest for the tranquillity of nature, and renders him doubly sensible to her charms. Emerging from the heat and hurry of the metropolis, he looks around him with a transport, which vicissitude only could impart; he breathes a new atmosphere—he surveys

a new world of being; in every mountain he sees a *Parnassus*; in every fountain a *Helicon*, and in every stream a *meander*.

Simplicity is indeed an essential among the requisites of a pastoral writer. But are men in a state of rudeness most eminently possessed of this qualification? are they not rather studious of ornament than in love with nature? Look at the native of Lapland or of America—is not his dress loaded with ornament, bestowed with all the profuseness of affectation, and all the awkwardness of barbarity? His writings will therefore wear in some measure a correspondent character. Tumidity and bombast will be their reigning feature; and metaphors the most forced and obscure, a diction harsh, and a clumsy and untutored conception, are qualifications which a state of rudeness peculiarly confers on the genius of its bard.

But simplicity is not the only requisite of the pastoral poet. He must be possessed of sensibilities, not only capable of being inspired by perception, but led by superior cultivation, through the favorite channels of experiment; of a mind not only nervous and exalted, but well tutored in the mazes of emotion, and skilled in the various attitudes of intellect. His images must be natural, illustrative, and correct; and his manner unmingled with harshness or disgust. It would indeed be absurd to expect these qualifications from a mind furnished by situation with crude and undigested notions; and accustomed to dwell only on topics of emotion or of terror.

When has pastoral poetry been most highly cultivated and admired? was it in ages of barbarity and of ignorance? Is it among the sheep-crowned cliffs of the Hebrides, or in the regions of polar simplicity? No: it was when refinement had reached its climax in the court of Augustus, that Virgil arose; and Theocritus the immortal bard of Greece, flourished at a period when his country gave laws to the world of science; and reigned the mistress of elegance and of the arts. Indeed pastoral poetry seems in every age to have kept pace with science and improvement.

OMEGA
From my Elbow-Chair,
Syntax Hall.

Important Medical Communication on the Disease of SCOLDING.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my theory of scolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it presents in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in goal for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, *The Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and those dread-

ful hysterical disorders, which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The symptoms of scolding are these: a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times in the course of the fit, the color goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exultation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated the throwing down of a china basin, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because

these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, have a greater disposition toward the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak-stick, a horse-whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended argumentation; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be in some degree prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient: but I must say, that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of obedience, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of cure, because the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered:

Take—of Common Sense, 30 grains.

Decent Behavior, 1 scruple.

Due Consideration, 10 grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with one moment's thought, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my ar-

APRIL FOOL.

guments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and indeed has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and I trust I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is most certain, from the theory laid down respecting the predisposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose, therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should in all respects imitate the societies of the men, and that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, and their disputing societies. In such places they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person laboring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

ON the first day of April, from time immemorial, waggish persons have endeavored to make fools of their friends and acquaintance. 'The oldest tradition,' says a late writer, 'affirms, that such an infatuation attends the first day of this month, [April] as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on this day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment on that day.'

Whence arose this fatality, we shall not now enquire. Antiquaries have endeavored to account for it, but are not sufficiently agreed in their opinions for the world to derive much benefit from their labors. Suffice it to say, that although the fools usually made in our time on this day, are of a kind that are not thought very wise on any other day, being mostly clowns and children, yet there still is a general prejudice against the first of April. It seems ominous to fix any business to be done on it, any journey to be begun, or any serious undertaking to commence; and a torrent of rain, if it happens on this day, is supposed to be intended to make fools of every body that wanted to stir out of doors. Few people choose to date from this day, and we do not find it occur on public monuments or inscriptions. In short, the first of April lies under prejudice which it appears very difficult to conquer. We may add, however, with regard to those who may occasionally smart under the disgrace of having been made fools on this day, that there is a great source of consolation for them, if they will please to reflect how trifling a thing it is to be made a fool of, only one day in the year, when, upon comparison, it will appear, there are many thousands who go through the operation every day. To act the fool only once out of 365 days, is really a small deduction from a man's yearly stock of wisdom, and seems to be what he can very easily afford, for the amusement of his friends, and for keeping up a right ancient custom, whereby we are privileged to put each other's cunning to the test with impunity.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 2, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 33 persons during the week ending on the 28th ult. viz. of Consumption 2—Old age 1—Childbed 1—Drowned 2—Intermitting Fever 1—Syphilis 1—Small-pox 1—Hypatitis 1—Cold 1—Phthisic 1—Nervous Fits and Weakness 1—and 20 of diseases not mentioned!!! 21 were adults, and 12 children.

Accident.—On Sunday last capt. Abel Smith, of the sloop Sally-Ann, a Poughkeepsie packet, whilst preparing to go on shore at West-Point with the boat, in which were embarked together with himself, his wife, niece and two children, the boat overset, by which accident one of the children, aged 2 years, was drowned. The niece and the other child were saved by the sloop's crew. The boat drifted near a mile, keel upwards, to which capt. Smith clung, holding in his arms his wife, whom he rescued from the waves after having disappeared three times. They were at length taken up by a boat from another vessel; but Mrs. Smith was so exhausted, that but little hopes are entertained for her recovery. The drowned child was found in the boat entangled in the thwarts.

Fire at Philadelphia.—About 5 o'clock on Saturday morning the city was alarmed by the cry of fire. It was found to proceed from a large three story building in Carter's Alley, between Second and Third Streets. The building was principally occupied by Mr. Plowman, as a printing-office. One of the apartments was used as a book-binder's shop. While great exertions were making within and without to check the progress of the flames, the western gable end suddenly fell in, accompanied by so much of the roof as had not been consumed. Such was the weight of this enormous mass as to take with it the several floors, which were precipitated with a tremendous crash to the bottom of the cellar. Se-

teral persons engaged in the different apartments, were caught and carried down with the ruins, some of whom were afterwards taken out in a most mangled and deplorable condition.— As far as we have been able to learn, no lives have been lost.

The Optical Instrument maker, of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, Mr. Gabriel Collin, has invented an instrument, by means of which, substances may be discovered and sought at the bottom of the sea.

The King of Sweden ordered some experiments to be tried with this instrument, on board the frigate of the Swedish Sea Cadets, which were attested by the captain. From them it results, that by means of the instrument, bright objects may be seen at the depth of 53 feet; in the Baltic, obscure objects could be seen at 27, and clear ones at 37 feet depth.

There is a contrivance in this instrument, by which the observer can look as deeply into the water in misty or foul as in clear weather. The wind never hinders the use of this instrument, which only requires one person for use. His Swedish Majesty has rewarded the artist with a *douceur* of about £100 ster. and the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm is to make a report of it.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25.

VOICE OF NATURE, *W. Dunlap*, and
TALE OF MYSTERY, *Thomas Holcroft*.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26.

FRATERNAL DISCORD, altered from the German of *Kotzebue*, by *W. Dunlap*, and
HIGHLAND REEL, *O'Keefe*.

This charming comedy was received with the same enthusiastic applause which always attends its representation.

MONDAY, MARCH 28.

ALFONSO, *M. G. Lewis*, and MODERN ANTIQUES.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30.

First time, *THE BLIND BOY*, — and
FORTUNE'S FROLIC, *Allingham*.

We will take another opportunity of giving an account of this play. It would be injustice to criticise the performers on a first night; and we fear any account of the plot of the piece would be erroneous or confused that we could give at this period.

There are a variety of well discriminated characters in the piece; among which, that of *Major Sydenham* stands foremost. The blind boy, *Pedro*, is highly interesting and at times touching. *Don Gaspar* is whimsical in the extreme, and we think *Montefogo* will improve upon acquaintance.

The play was received, throughout with applause; and to some scenes, uncommon testimonies of approbation were given.

The EPILOGUE was well spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Hallam, and Mrs. Johnson, and received the loudest plaudits.

Just published, and for sale,
at the book-store of
N. JUDAH, No. 84 Maiden Lane,
A Tale of Mystery.

A melo-drame, by *Thomas Holcroft*.
As performed in this city,
with the greatest applause.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By *Regina Maria Rooke*.

JULIA, AND
THE ILLUMINATED BARON.
By a lady of Massachusetts.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals.
Apply at this office.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Friday evening last week, Mr. Peter Chaple, to Miss Lucretia Hart, both of this city.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Samuel Coon, pilot, to Miss Mary McDonald, both of this city.

Thomas R. Ellery, of Newport, (R.I.) to Miss Sarah Charlotte Weissensfels, daughter of Major Charles Frederick Weissensfels, of this city.

At Kingston, Esopus, Mr. Jacob Ten Broeck, of that place, to Miss Margaret Watson, of this city.



Deaths.

On Saturday night, of the gout, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Gilbert Pell, of this city.

Suddenly, on Monday, the 28th ult. on the Harlem road, Mr. James Hunter, aged 28 years.

On Tuesday morning, Miss Catharine Hughes, aged 17, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Hughes.

On Tuesday evening, in the 57th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Smith, wife of Mr. Platt Smith.

At the city of Washington, Gen. Donald Campbell, formerly of this city, an active officer during our revolutionary war.

THEATRE.

After this evening the Theatre will be closed until EASTER MONDAY.

This evening, (Saturday) April 2d, will be presented,

Speed the Plough.

To which will be added, a Farce, in 2 Acts, called,

All the World's a Stage.



FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA, Page 200.

AN office for printing is surely no pest,
Though acknowledg'd it is of a devil* possest,
And what tho' his services be but a few,
He does all he can, give the devil his due.
Things evil and good, may in books oft be found,
And tho' of no party with all they abound,
That they are abus'd no observer surprizes;
And none will deny they're of various sizes.
Of different colors they boast but a few;
Black and white are the chief they present to the view.
To the sight is display'd all a volume contains,
And tho' more names than one; still a book it remains.
Strange things both in country and town they explain,
Which would but for books in oblivion remain.
Some are richly attir'd, and are scarce worth the
binding,

Whose beauty alone is their beautiful binding:
And others appear in a more humble dress,
Which elegance, genius and merit possess.
Books of folly there are, some of wit's rare redun-
dance,

And authors profound! are display'd in abundance;
Whilst others by dull and incoherent prate,
Show the demon of nonsense inspires their dull
pate.

Law, physic, divinity, logic they claim,
And dissent professions of every name.
In search of a book you need make no great stir,
That all have one home we may safely aver.
Thus sirs, your Enigma I fairly explain
To be but a BOOK.—With respect I remain,

S. J. B.

* The youngest apprentice in a printing-office is
humorously called a Devil.

THE WIDOW, TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

BY R. SLOANFIELD.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again,
Companion of the lonely hour;
Spring, thirty times, hath fed with rain
And cloath'd with leaves, my humble bow'r,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood.

On chest, or window, by my side:
At ev'ry birth, still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,
And when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise;
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes;
Its conic crown,
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again:
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still fil'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

When thus I spin, and sometimes sing;
For now and then my heart will glow,
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing;
By thee the noontide hour I know;
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou bow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st at a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end,
Thy daily task performing well;
Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell;
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild, once more, my native plain:
Curl inward her sweet woodbine flow'r!
"Companion of the lonely hour,
"I'll turn thee up again."

A PETER PINDARIC ODE.

AS Joan, one eve, according to the plan
Of many an honest spouse,
Trudg'd to a neighboring house
To fetch away her good old man:
She found him, as the story goes,
Sprawling in the street,
With feet
In kennel, taking a comfortable dose.

"What, hollo, John!" the dame now cries,
"You drunken-beast arise!"
At the well known voice John op'd his eyes;
But,

As the poet says, their sense was shut:
And, thinking 'twas a bed I ween,
And not the street,
He mumbled out, his teeth between,
"Put, put more cloaths upon my feet,
"And take" (the moon-shone bright)
"Take, take away the light."

FANCY BASKETS.

The Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has experienced; and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

Just received per the Ship Flora, Captain Lee, and Ship Orlando, Captain Marchalk, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit, Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Market Baskets, for sale by

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 24, Maiden-Lane,
Who keeps a constant supply of Cedar
Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other wooden-
ware. Feb. 19th.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of
elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22,
Stone-Street.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from London,
at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
14 doors from the Fly-Market, up
Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street,
No. 6, New-York.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin;
these are choice articles, and should be found on
every lady's toilet, 2s. 4s. and 8s. each.

With a great assortment of the best kinds of Perfu-
mery and Cosmetics wholesale and retail.

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